MICRET FINDS SHOOTIN CRACKERS. ether with a Beery by Mrs. Murphy of Mr. Murphy's Romarkable Cure. "Have ye anny bones, Mrs. Doolan?" said Mickey Finn, fingering his rimless hat.
"Bones, is tt. Mickey; mebbe it's fish bones

yer wantin'?" was the reply.
"Av ye plaze, ma'am, it's mate bones. I do be wantin' to sell thim, so I can buy some tin-cint shootin' crackers." A few minutes later Mickey ran out to the

ragon with a hatful of assorted bones, a portion of which had done duty in the shank of a Texas steer, and later had assisted the survival of several Doolans, big and little. The wagon into which Mickey dumped the bones was evidently intended more for use than ornament. It was drawn by two goats, driven tandem. The leader was a patriarchal billy, with a lurking devil in his eyes, and a long gray board, which Mickey celebrated occasion-ally in a verse of that descriptive song:

There was a goat in our back yard, He was wan o' thim gay old friskers, Ar' whin he laked up at the moon, Th' wind blowed through his whickers—

The last line is an attempt to give vocal expression to the sound made by the wind as it

blew through the whiskers.

The weak-looking namey between the shafts uttered a plaintive protest as the awkward shafts gave her an occasional dig in the ribs. various attempts by the boys to catch on behind were frustrated by Mickey's partner in the bone business. Jack Doolan, and the wagon wabbled merrily along until Patsy Coogan's dog attacked the billy goat. The mad rushes of the goat kept Mickey in constant fear lest dom attacked the billy goat. The mad rushes of the goat kept Mickey in constant fear lest he should not maintain his equilibrium. Finally the dog was tired out, and the wagon wabbled across the bridge which separates Cooney Island from the railroad track and Grant's saloon. The journey to the junk store progressed uninterruptedly now, except that the billy, whose blood was up, showed a very unreasonable inclination to rear, war-horse fashion, to the discomfiture of the driver and the rope harness. At last the load of bones was borne salely to the junk store and disposed of for a silver half doilar.

What possibilities of unuterable happiness lay in that coin can only be adequately conceived by a boy often.

The fine ten-cent shootin' crackers" looked to the sparkling eyes of the boys, as they stood on the storekeeper's showcase, like a file of British soldiers on dress parade.

A wide beam of warning light shot out of Rondout lighthouse upon the Hudson River. Hiack shadows stole up the rugged heart of Snake Hill, Rondout's barometer. Along the dusty Point road a sheep bell tinked, and Michael Finn, Sr., entered his shanty and set his dinner pail behind the stove.

After supporthe parental Finns had a discussion as to the means of obtaining funds by which the longed-for shooting crackers could be procured for Micker. There were sundry incidental expenses to be met, which were duty recorded on the leaves of Mrs. Finns's memory, and the margin for shooting crackers assumed very small proportions as she read them off to her busband.

"There's \$4 at Brady's for groceries, an' thirty shillin's yer owin' him since least winther

secorded on the leaves of Mrs. Finn's memory, and the margin for shooting crackers assumed very small proportions as she read them off to her husband.

There's \$4 at Brady's for groceries, an' thirty shillin's yer owin' him since last winther—four an' wan are five, an' two are sivin sivinty-five—that's \$7.75; an' th' b'y's shees—faix he linot go t' mass wid th' toes sickin' out of him—that's tin shillin's more, asey; ye'll not git thim wan cint less. And there's grains for th' pig, that's two shillin'; an' hacky for yerself. Ah what's th' use in takin'; ye'll have no money for shootin' crackers."

The Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee looked sorrowfully into the bright fire. He had about concluded that life is but a fleeting show, when the door of the shanty opened and admitted the stout form of Mrs. Murphy. There was an air of unwont-d importance about Mrs Murphy. She carried a mysterious parcel under her shawl, and awakened the curiosity of the Finns by the care with which she kept it concealed. Even when she accepted the parcel defity with her shawl, and ind them both upon the teble.

"Phat have ye thay-er?" said Mrs. Finn.

"That's somethin' that wuz on my Roger; an' it atin' a hole in him! Yeese, it's like this! Roger kem home. a week last Thuesday, wid pains in his chist and under his arrums. I sez to him sez I, Ye have a bad cowld. So I got him a big drink o' hot rum, thinkin' he'd be all right in the mornin'; but, mind ye, the nixt day he wuz worse and all sweit up like a barrol. Av coorse we called in th' docther—it's mighty little money we have fur docthers, tho', the cansilin' wux so poor last summer, an' Roger kep' gettin' worse an' worse, fur all he cud do. Well, Roger thought he wuz goin' to die, an' h' praist came to see him an' fix'd him all up. Roger said he forgev livery sin that wuz iverdone to him by mortal man. Divil a kinder-hearted man than my Roger iver lived; yerself knows that, Mike, Ye'll mind th' time Padly Coogan hit him last summer. Whin Roger wuz pullin' off his calico shir

Roger a dig in th' chist. 'No,' sez Roger. Thin he gev him another poke in th' chist, only a little lower down, an' Roger squ'aled wid pain. Mesself and Paddy wint out in th' hall wid th' docther. Whin he had the dure shut tight, sez he: The ould man has jist five hours to live. He has wather on his chist, an' it's risin' higher an' higher, an' whin it r'aches th' top of his lungs over it'll go like wather over a mill dam, an' dhrown him!"

"Wirra, wirra, docther dear, can ve do any new document.

there. The outlet make his whore he in the company of the company

A WILD BULL PROM BOHOKUA. Re Mosts Two Dospondent East Side Citizens

"De times is way off," said the bartender of an east side ilm-jam factory the other night as he passed out the bottle to a friend of his. "Why, Reilly, d' hain't been a scrap in de shebang since me an' you cleaned out de big duffer wot come in an shouted fur a booze, an' give it out d't he was payin' fur it wid blood.

'n d't de blood wouidn't be his'n, neider. Wot did we do wid him, Reilly?"

"De six-foe' gilly wot pulled a gun?" said Reilly. "Wot did we do wid him? Wot did we Reilly. "Wot did we do wid him? Wot did we do wid him? Wull, I t'ink it was one, two, t'ree, k'eplosh! I wonder did dey ever scoop up de hull of him, Jimmy?"
"Dey t'ought dey did." said Jimmy, "but

an article some time ago in THE SUN about a girl who had been bookkeeper for some firm in Chicago, and saved her wages until she had enough money to come West and buy a sheep

ranch in Montana.

This story reminded me of the enterprise

A PLORIDA COAL MINE. The Remarkable Discovery of an Old French

LIVE OAK, Fla., May 4.—Those who imagine that Florida consists of white sand, insects, malaris, land agents, king snakes, and oranges alone are very badly mistaken. Let me pick a few of the scales from their eyes, and tell of something that may some day give the State more than four electoral votes and render Returning Boards entirely unnecessary. To the surprise of many, perhaps. I will state that Florida is rich in minerals, and the time will sufely come—nay, it is almost here when the orange grove will be a secondary consideration, and myriads of red-jawed, smoking furnaces will prison the balmy, life-giving air. Outcroppings of gold have been

clawa, came charging furiously at him. There was no time to reireat, and the only haven in sight was a somewhat indisposed sapling that hung despondingly over the river. To drop his gun and cimb that was the work of a moment, and a mighty short moment at that. The bear, and at mighty short moment at that. The bear, baffied in its efforts to tear up the tree by the roots, kept him prisoner for an hour or so, and then disappeared. In trying to descend from the tree Burgess made a misstep and went tumbling through the air to the river below. About half way down he struck a ledge of crumbling rock, and was followed to the water by a shower of fragments. Only slightly bruised and an expert swimmer, he soon gained the shore, and to his utter astonishment saw that the dislodged stones were coal. He located the spot and ever afterward drew from it as occasion required. His nephew had just about organized an exporting party when the civil way broke out. Enlisting in one of the Florida regiments, he was killed in one of the first battles of the war, and the secret of the coal mine perished with him. As near as I can find out, the deposit of coal is located on the Sauta Fe River, some five or six miles below its junction with the Suwanee. There are prominent gentlemen living in this county who remember Burgeass very well and can testify as to the truth of this screed.

HAMILTON JAT.

A NEW TABLE TIPPER.

Villagers Mystified and a Senrea Indian Badly Scared by a Young Woman.

RANDOLPH, N. Y., May 8 .- The little vil-

lage of Steamburg, four miles east of here, is agog with excitement over the remarkable mediumistic achievements of Miss Carrie Nutting. who was recently graduated from the Chamberlain Institute in Randolph with honors, About a week ago as she was sitting at a small table in her father's house, with her hands resting idly upon the edge, suddenly the table began to move, compelling Miss Nutting, as she says, to follow it about the room. It came to a halt directly in front of a picture of her grandfather, who died some years ago. Mem-

she says, to follow it about the room. It came to a halt directly in front of a picture of her grandfather, who died some years ago. Members of the family call to mind the fact that the spot at which the table stopped was exactly that in which it formerly stood when the old gentleman used it as a writing table.

The next day, at about the same hour, the young woman was gazing out of the window, thinking over the peculiar circumstances of the previous day, when, as she explains it, a gradual issaitude took possession of her, and, although she had never been known to sing, she began chanting some weird, sweet meiody, which the family say they never heard equalied. As the music died away she began repeating a poem, the words of which none of those present had ever heard. This trance were off in about haif an heur, and the young woman says she has no recollection of doing anything unusual, nor did she experience any fatigue.

By this time the news of the strange behavior of Miss Nutting had spread among the neighbors, and the following afternoon twenty-five or thirty persons had gathered to witness the phenomena, nearly all being skeptical as to the stories set affoat. Shortly after 3 o'clock, while the sun was shining brightly into the window, the young woman seated herself at the table, looked steadfastly at the picture of her grandfather, and the table soon moved, and was gradually raised from the foor. A lumberman who happened in with the others, thinking there was some trick, seated himself upon the end of the table, but notwithstanding his added weight it continued to rise, and salled about the room in such a mysterious way that Myron Silverheels, a Seneca Indian from the reservation. The Indians now take a break for the door, and did not stop in his mad rush until he had crossed the boundary lines of the reservation. The Indians now take a soundatout road rather than pass the home of Miss Nutting.

After the table had ceased its wanderings a gold ring worn by the young woman was mysteriously removed from her

JUSTICE IN THE SOUTHWEST. The Great Criminal Court at Fort Smith,

FORT SMITH, Ark., May 3.—The great criminal inquisition which is in session here the year round does not exist for the purpose of disposing of Arkansas criminals, as many suppose, but busies itself chiefly with the murderers and thioves of the Indian Territory, Fort Smith lies just east of the Territory line, and a United States court was established here for the purpose of dealing with the hard citizens of the Indian country. In the various graveyards hereabouts the majority of the dead men have broken necks or bullet or knife wounds. Since the court was first instituted sixty-five men have been hanged within the old stockade jail, and on several occasions five

out of your fast, that you can't help at all.

I have tried every article into that has ever be a lived the post are the light hydroung hose is not an important of the post are the light hydroung hose is not an important of the post are the light hydroung hose is not all the post are the light hydroung hose is not all the post are the light hydroung hose in the post are the light hydroung his hydroung his hydroung hydroung

LOST HIS RAILROAD NERVE.

A Travelling Man who Has Become Morbidly A roving theatrical manager and a newspaper man were breakfasting at the Morton House one day last week, when the former remarked: "I am trying to get control of a house of my own, so that I can locate permanently. In fact, I have lost my railroad nerve."

Your railroad nerve; what do you mean?" "Just what I say. I have lost my ratiroad nerve. Up to about a year ago I felt almost as safe on a railway train as I did in a hotel, but since that time, for some cause or other, I have become morbidly apprehensive of rattroad ac-cidents, and now when travelling I fret and worry all the time. I can't rest in a sleeper any more. Many a time I have lain awake all night, and even if I do doze, the slightest outof-the-way jar will startle and arouse me in the most unpleasant manner. If the train slackens its speed I dread that we are too close to an-

hour at a time."
"You should conquer your fears," said the newspaper man. "When I step on a train I consider that my fate is in the hands of others -that worry or fret will not avail one particle

chat worry or fret will not avail one particle to help me in case of trouble—and I sleep almost as well in a Pullman or a Wagner as I do in my own bed."

"I have tried to reason myself out of my fears," was the response, but I can't. I know I have only got to die once, and that I must die some time. Honestly, though I am not at all disposed to go off the hooks just yet, the fear of instant death is not so much what haunts me as the dread of accident that would deprive me of a limb or otherwise cripple me permanently. Did you ever see a one-armed or one-legged theatrical manager or agent? We have hard enough times to got along with all our limbs and faculities. To deprive me of a leg or an arm would be to take away my means of living and cause me to resort to some other that would perhans make me a semi-mendicant. That is what I fear, and it is that which has deprived me of my railroad nerve. I will make almost any sacrifice that will enable me to locate and regain my former buoyancy of spirits. Even as I talk with you now I fret because I have to take the train for Beston to-day, and I won't feel easy in my mind until I get to the end of my journey, and not then, for I know I have to come back again."

again."

Are your fears shared by many other managers or actors?"

Indeed they are, but few of them care to acknowledge it. I know lots of drummers, too, who feel just as I do. Stand in front of a ticket office before the departure of a through train, especially at night, and watch the men who buy accident insurance tickets, and you will be surprised to find how many there are who, like me, have lost their railroad nerve. A year ago I hash't a gray hair in my head. Now there are plenty of them. Still, if circumstances compel, I will be on the road next season, with only one consoling thought, and that is that perhaps, after all. I may never get a scratch, while some one, who never gave the matter a thought, or who would laugh at it if he did, may be killed by a derailment or a collision within a year. It is strange, though, considering how much they travel, how few actors get hurt, and I don't believe one in a thousand ever buys an accident ticket. They are to insure they would be certain to beat the game,' and have to die to do it." Are your fears shared by many other man-

THE FAMOUS AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY. who Has a Battullon of Women in his Army. From the Pall Mall Gazette.

who Has a Battalion of Women in his Army.

Prom the Patt Matt Gazette.

The Germans, to whom Africa as a field of colonization is a mine of inexhaustible novelty, have just rediscovered the amazons of Dahomey. These famous warriors, of whom so little has been heard for so many years, have been inspected by Dr. Zöller, who gives an account of his reception at the court of the Portuguese half breed, Juliano de Souza, who, in his semi-royal State at Whydah, rejoices in the possession of a fully equipped battalion of women who flight. Alasi however, for our preconceived notions, the amazons of De Souza have more resemblance to a corps de hallet than to a corps d'armée, and the despest impression which they left on the mind of their visitors was that they would make the fortune of any enterprising impresarie who would introduce them to European audiences.

Of Juliano de Souza himself, who has had his son educated in an English boarding school, and married by a French priest, Dr. Zöller speaks in high terms:

"The tall, broad-chested man, with a dark yellow, almost brown, complexion, received us with the amiable politeness of a pompous aristocrat. He wore a long, shirt-like cotton garment reaching down to his feet, high European boots, an embroidered smoking cap, andalthough he is a Fetish worshipper—a big black metal cross on his chest. After apologizing for the remarkable costume which he had been obliged to don because of indisposition, Juliano gave the sign for the beginning of the festivities. The stage for these was the open space in front of Juliano's house, a rather rickety building of two stories in the middle of the village, which was illed with the upper ten of Whydah, a multitude of black spectators, all of whom pretend to be of European descent, But we to him who, without being a 'white man,' dares to wear European boots, or allow himself to be carried in a hammock, the European means of conveyance. Not even the King would ever dream of committing so unparionable a bronch of African etiquette.

When it w

WHEN SCUP COMES. A Down-East Plaborman's Future as Affected

"It's jogging on t'wards time f'r scup to be comin' daown 'long ol' Nar'gaansitt Coast, 'n I'm only layin' to t' git th' word, 'n then y'il see me 'n my smack a pilin' on all sail t' git thar 'n take on th' fus' cargo, so's we kin tack back to York ag'in 'n strike th' market w'lle she's

empty, 'n jes' load her up 'n pockit a stack 'o money. I'm only waitin' f'r scup to come." The skipper, whose fishing smack lay in the slip at Fulton Market discharging cargo, dallied with a glass of Medford rum in a Water atreet saloon as he spoke,
"Dunno w'at scup is?" said he. "Y' wa'n't

nussed daown East, then, that's sartin. W'y, scup is Jefferson fish, to be sure. 'Ve I run faoul o' y' agin? I tho't ev'ry one know'd w'at Jefferson fish was. W'y, po'gies, mate, po'gies. Po'gies, with dassal fins like a porkypine's quills, a shane tike a punkin seed, 'n meatother, and I sometimes become so agitated was, meat th't th'er hain't no fryin pan in th' that I leave my berth and walk the aisle for an hull State o' Massychqusitts as has ever had th' was, meat in the rain't no fryin pan in the hull State o' Massychqusitts as has ever had the snift o' anythin' better in sence the Pligrim Fathers cooked ther fuse meal on Plymouth Rock. Y' know naow, don'ty? I tho't so.

'Y-a-a-s. Haout this time o' year we' gin to look i'r scup t' come, in wen she does come, foks wakes up f'r sartin long the lihode Islan coast, f'r it's better'n bein' Governer o' the State tight the fuse ketho's scup to Fulton Market, Ther hain't no mistakin' w'en scup strikes th' coast, f'r ther's so many of her w'en she comes th't all y kin see fr miles is a bleu streak in th' water, a-movin' in a-movin', a-turnin' in a-twistin', in a-raisin' in a-fallin'. That's scup, From that time on till the bieu streak has moved in turn'd in twisted a big part of itself into the fish paounds, 'n th' balance of itself back t' whar it come from, ther hain't nothin' else tho't fit t' think on or talk abaout or deu on th' coast but gether in scup. Wy, mate, they set nets enough. I swaow, to reach from here to Philadelphy in back ag'in, if they war stretched aout, 'n more'n twenty thaous'n bar'ls o' scup runs in 'em ev'ry spring. So ther mus' be some few folks 'raoun' th' kentry th't likes a taste o' some other daown East staple 'sides rum.

'Nubbedy knows whar scup lives w'en she's t' hum, but she tumbles in on th' coast ev'ry spring all of a sudden, 'n arfter leavin' some-

isides rum.

"Nubbedy knows whar scup lives wen she's t'hum, but she tumbles in on th' coust ev'ry spring all of a sudden, 'n arfter leavin' somethin' like twenty billion young scup here I'r futur' ref'rence, 'way she goes ag'in. Th' weak-lish runs daown fifty million o' th' young scup ev'ry year, by actual caount. That takes aout o' markit somethin' like a hundred 'n lifty million ba' iso' scup a year, but as it leaves snough yit to flavor th' Iryin' pans of all creation, even ef ev'rybody est scup three times a day 'n doubled up on 'em on Sundays, I hain't heard as haow any one's goin'. 'pans a law prohibitin' weakfish from helpin' emselves to young scup, or old uns, fur that matter, as often 'n as many of 'em as they take a notion fur.

"Wat is she called Jefferson lish fur?' Cause she was born in 1800. th' year Jefferson come in as President. Waal, that's treu as Connetivkit gaaspil, matel. Ther wa'n't no scup 'fore 1800. Can't tell y' w'y, but ther wa'n't. Did yeu ever hear of any fore that time? No, sir, y' didn't. Neither did anybody in th' hell o' daown East. One mornin' in th' spring o' that year ol' Deacon Scrabbidge of Secounets went aout t' th' bench t' fish. I duno w'at he calc'inted to ketch, but he went fishin'. Twa'n't more'n ten minits 'fore he come flyin' back hum.

"Weatthy! he shouted. Wealthy was the Deacon's wife. 'Ther's a fish swimmin' over thar in Seconnet liver that's more'n a mile long, bleuer'n th' heavens, 'n with back fins like th' spikes they mude the martyrs jump on to!"

"Du tell, Deacon!' said Wealthy.

ike th' spikes they made the martyrs jump on to!

Du tell, Deacon! said Wealthy.

So the Deacon 'n Wealthy 'n some o' th' neighbors th' was gin th' larm run over t' th' beach, 'n, sartin' nough, thar was th' movin' streak o' bleu, with spikes all over 't.

Waal, I swaow!' said the neighbors,

'I vum!' said the Deacon 'n Wealthy.

'Cause then they'd jes' diskiver'd tha't th' fish wa'n't one fish, but more fish th'n ther was sand on th' beach. They raked some o' th' fish out with garden rakes. Wealthy she fried one, in th' Deacon he tasted on it. Then he took a bigger bite. Then he went at that fish so th't in jess'n no time ther wa'n't nothin' left but th' bones.

in less'n no time ther the third this bones.
th' bones.
Wealthy, said the Deacon, layin' back'n manner in th' wilderness!

in leas'n no time ther wa'n't nothin' left but th' bones.

"Wealthy,' said the Deacon, layin' back 'n rollin' up his eyes, 'manner in th' wilderness!'

"The Deacon had been astrong Jefferson man, an' he said th't the fish was one o' th' blessin's follerin' his 'lection. 'Nso they called 'em Jeferson fish. That's w'en the scup was born, mate, 'n thar hain't no donout' bloout it. Haov it come t' be called scup 'n po'gis, I'll have t' say, 'Ax somebody else. I dunno.

"Considerin' as haow y' didn't know w'at seeby ar. I take it y' never specalated in 'em. Weal, taikin' o' that, y' kin all go on Wall street in seecalate in bulls 'n bears' n kentry projectes giner'ly, ef y' want to; but as f'r me, g! mo scup. All y' got to dewis t' take on a smack load in Nar'gannsitt Bay, 'r somewhar 'round thar-they load the scup alive, y' know, scoopin' on 'em aout o' th' fish paounis 'n dumpin' on 'em aout o' th' fish paounis 'n dumpin' on 'em laown in yer hold, 'n coolin' on' em of was an important one; but when, with any peeple, is becomes the main or only one, it is plain that their Gevernment and the scup alive, y' know, scoopin' o' em aout o' th' fish paounis 'n dumpin' on 'em aout o' th' fish paounis 'n dumpin' on 'em aout o' th' fish paounis 'n dumpin' on 'em faoun' is y' got to dewis t' take on yer cargo. 'n artier' y git it on ail y' want is a good breeze 'n a flowin' sail, a quick trip to York, 'n a run into th' silp on a mornin' market, with th' fewer smarks ahead o' y' th' better. Then y' lay back 'n discharge yer scups 'l' rsix conts a paound, surtin git ger tin. 'n back y' go f'r nother carko.

"Waal, no, mate. I can't say th't ther hain't no drawback naow 'n then't 'slide' it' specials it on along as slick as that, f'r ther is. Tho fust itine I took a hand in th' business I was become a lick as thory or the propertity is shown or then't 'slide' it' specials in the work of the propertity is shown or then't slide' it' sepecials in the shown or then't slide' it' sepecials in the very large of the propertity is shown

broun' f'r Goorgos Banks arfor herrin' but. I put in to Nar'zanskit Bay. 'n some o' th' semination and t' me th' I could make a strike fishermen said t' me th' I could make a strike fishermen said t' me th' I could make a strike fishermen said t' me th' I could make a strike fishe at a troil, 'n took on a cargo. Want I made a cool trip. Dut somehow I didn't git the mornin' markit. Still, ther hadn't bean many smacks in 'n they was only live ahead o' me was only live ahead o' me markit. 'n wed los' have the markit. 'n wed los' have the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in till arfter nex' mornin's markit, 'n wed los' have the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in till arfter nex' mornin's markit, 'n wed los' have seen to make the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in the markit b' th' horns, 'n 'd fix our own fixer. Surphone in the markit in by th' time there come a demand, I may ordered arruch to the surphone in the markit, 'n by th' time ther come a demand, I was ordered arruch to the surphone in the markit, 'n by th' time there come a demand, I was ordered arruch to make a sockin' full o' money. May be y' maowt be hangin' raounher there is no was bell o' fired a cent'n a half a pasun'. Wind, I gas 'said no' cause the price back but there seemed to be plenty o' seut on the markit, 'n by th' time there come a demand, I was ordered arruched true in markit. Seuth b' surphone in lookin the was a surphone in the markit, 'n by th' time there come a demand. I was ordered

A Connecticut Parmer who Enjoys a Peculiar

that he could not count them. The hole was about four inches in diameter and opened into the half filled up cellar of an old house now destroyed, and which was built long before the days of the Revolution. Mr. Scotlaid discov-ered that small galleries lead from the passage days of the Revolution. Mr. Scollaid discovered that small galleries lead from the passage from which the heads of black snakes frequently protruded. When he wanted a little recreation Mr. Schofield would go to this spot, seize a snake back of the head, and gently pull him from the hole. The fun came in in the pulling. For it required a good exercise of judgment to pull hard enough to get the snake out and yet not so hard as to pull the snake in two, for the reptile generally held firmly by the tail to a rock. Having pulled them out, Mr. Schofield would kill them as bows do eels, with a smart blow across a log. Before cold weather set in last fall he had pulled out fifteen black snakes and one spotted adder that measured four feet in length.

Already this spring Mr. Schofield has resumed his sport, having captured sixteen snakes, the largest of which measured of feet long and 3 inches in diameter. He estimates that, as there are four or five hundred snakes in that ceilar, he will have sufficient recreation for all summer. The other day he caught a black snake up a tree with a robin in its mouth. The robin flew away, and the snake's measure was added to the record Mr. Schofield is keeping of the total length of his catch, which now amounts to 127 feet and 7 inches. WHAT PEOPLE ARE THINKING OF.

Why Foster Memories of the Wart

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Will you kindly look up and publish a speech by the Hon. Charles Sumner in opposition to a bill introduced in Congress in reference to erecting national monuments to the dead of the Union armies? We have Memorial Day, North and South, in May of each year. Candidly, do you not think that this is not for the best! Do not people strive to forget generally all great sorrows?

Mr. Sumner said in his speech that the Greeks com

memorated their victories over each other by creeting trophies of wood, so that the remembrance of them would soon decay. I imagine that I see the ear marks of the politicians in these memorial celebrations, and as it is said that the politicians, North and South, brought

I was in the Confederate army, and I lost dearly loved friends and relatives. I imagine that, could the silent hosts of the dear return to the earth, they would, Confederate and Yanhee, advocate measures that would promote unity of sentiment North and South. We are all Americans, and after twenty years should lay aside everything that would bring back the thoughts of the cruel war. We can look back now with a shudder to our long, dusty marches over the mountains of isogra, Tenhessee, and Kentucky; to the dreadful battles; in our long imprisonment at Rock Island; and thank the good Pather that it was long since over; and it ought to be forgotiled. good Father that it was long since over; and it ought to be forgotten.

As many a worthless man rode into political power by preaching Abolitionism in the past, so numbers of men, North and South, have made money and fame on their war record, when if the truth was known, some were not much more than camp followers. I know a man who gets drunk and has quites a high old time whenever he meets any old soldiers. He lost an arm in battle, but he was only an hosticer and wasyn driver, and anything to keep him from carrying a munket. Having offended his Colonel, he was forced to the front, and lost his arm and has flourished ever since as a hero.

Rusticus.

GREENVILLE Pla. May 2. GREENVILLE, Pla., May 2.

Should Christian Ministers Heal the Sick?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The discussion that took place on Monday evening last at a meeting of the Saptist ministers at 9 Murray street was of very great interest to a Christian public. There seems of very great interest to a Christian public. There seems to be a diversity of opinion among the clergymen as to whether the sick can be cured by faith and prayer some of them believing that diseases can be thus cured and others doubting it. Now, what right has any Christian to doubt that Curist has power to heal the sick? One of the most important works performed by Christ was healing diseases, and St. Matthew says:

"And when if e had called unto Him His twelve Apostles, lie gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and disease."

St. Mark says:

St. Mark says:

"And He ordained twelve that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach and to have power to head sickness and to cast out devils."

"And He called unto Him the twelve and began to send them forth by two and two, and gave them power over unclean spirits, and they cust out many devils and an intent forth by two and two, and gave them power over unclean spirits, and they cust out many devils and an intent of the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

"And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues."

"They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hart them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.

When the servants of John saked whether He was the Christ or not, He said:
"Go and tell John what things ye have seen and heard, how the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumi speak, the laters are closused, the sick are healed, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them."

One of the things i le taught this disciples to pray was:
"The kingdom come, and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Now, if it is the will of tool that people should be free from sickness in heaven, and His will is to be done on earth as it is in heaven, and why should not people to e free from sickness on earth, and will should not those who are commissioned to preach the Gospel lead the sick now, just as they did a postolic times. I call the sick now, just as they did a postolic times. I call the sick now, just as they did a postolic times. I call the sick now in the New Testament where thrist forgave a man his sins that He did not hea hum of his diseases." I still the ackness can be cured by fatth and prayer? I is too an important part of the work Christian ministers are commissioned to perform? Mr. George Francis Train says; "The troubis with the Church is they spend all their efforis to save the people after they are dead, while they should try to save the peopl

To the Editor of The Sun-Sir: It is becoming daily more manifest that there must be some issue, other than civil service reform, upon which parissue, other than civil service reform, upon which par-ties can divide, or we shall run upon evit times indeed.

The spectacle of a people in full vigor wrangling over spolls and anti-spoils is grotesque beyond expression.

The extreme limit of divergence in such a controversy is absolute integrity and downright dishonesty, and to admit that there is to be serious strife over this is to confess that we have wrangled ourselves outside the

An Irlshman Attacks an Enemy.

A Connecticut Farmer who Enjoys a Peculiar

Sort of Recreation.

Norwalk, May S.—Mr. E. W. Schofield is a farmer of Weston, near this place, one of whose recreations consists in snake hunting. Last fall, while Mr. Schofield was at work in one of his fields, he saw so many black snakes going and coming from a large hole in the ground that he could not count them. The hole was about four inches in diameter and opened into the half filled up cellar of an old house now do.

Mr. Colline's nationality is particularly revoking to one Mr. Colline's nationality is particularly revoking to on Mr. Collins's nationality is particularly provoking t those men of libernian extraction who did all in their power, after his numination, to bring about the election of President Cleveland.

power, after his nomination, to bring about the election of President Cleveland.

As I am one of the latter kind, and feel personally agarrieved at the insolence of the Magwamp paper, you will, I hope, permit me to detail some batter facts, and ask a question, the suswer to which may throw light on the motive of the Post when it "indicts a whole halton."

The facts are that during the rebellion of the infinite or the people of the county Wesford. In one of the militis companies that drageoned the county were four brothers had been added to the four tradkins went on a raid, and called at the house of an aged priest, familiarly called Father Nick Redmond, who lived in the hog of Hiery, One day the four tradkins went on a raid, and called at the house of an aged priest, familiarly called Father Nick Redmond, who lived in a hamiet, the River Chapel.

His housekesper, an old woman, was the only one at home, and, after vainly endeavoring to make her tell, where the priest was hidden, one of the Godkina with a patiol, shut and kined her. Two of the brothers whe took part in the morder shot themselves with the weapons also to kell the housekesper. Then some one said to kell the choices of the activation of the Godkina with a year 1839, drowned himself.

My currosity is excited to learn if the editor of the Evening Post is a descendant of the Godkina of the bog of hiery shows hamed. The counties Wickiow and Wexford are adjoining and the virue ave of Editor took in against some of his countrymen, patitles the suppoint that it is merely an outgrowth of the homicial isoletex of the Wexford tooking, one of the homicial isoletex of the Wexford tooking, one of the four states of the patient of the secondant may have thus far, through the diversion of maligning his countrymen, beating the patient of the family practice of shedding his own blood.